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[FOR THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.]

TO THE LADIES (?).

Come, ladies, listen to me,
A story I'll relate
That happened in a little town
In South Carolina's State.

When Sherman's men, like locusts,
Came thronging down our street,
With whoop, and yell, and fire, and ball,
Scarce six men could they meet.

They asked in words of wonder
Where all our men had flown—
Said woman in her weakness,
Had much more courage shown.

It was a night of horror,
That well the heart might stun,
When, with torch, and shout of demon rage,
The dreadful work begun.

The homeless ones were seeking
A place to shield their head;
Old age, and youth, and helpless babes,
Were fleeing from their tread.

But oh, the morning after,
When the demon's work was done,
The clouds hung like a mourning pall,
And hid the rising sun.

'Twas then the chill of desolation
Fell heavy on the heart;
And bare chimneys and blackened walls,
Would cause the tear to start.

You know they swept; ravisions,
And left the ladies bare;
Corn bread was all the fashion,
And cow peas nothing rare.

You know that like an avalanche,
Our cause came tumbling down,
And the Yankees sent a garrison
To guard our dear old town.

You know we lay inured before us,
And kept us nice and straight;
With their guns upon their shoulders,
And their belts around their waists.

They thought we all were quiet,
And could now be left alone,
So gathered up their tin of march,
And I guess have all gone home.

Now, ladies, have you heard
What our gentlemen have done?
They made up a petition
To get them to return.

Don't you think we'd better promise,
If they won't be going tight,
And anything should happen,
We'll help them in the fight?

Do, ladies, keep it secret—
Don't let the Yankees know—
We'd rather have the Yankees with us,
And could not let them go.

They don't want us in the Union,
And will not let us out—
'Twould take a hundred lawyers
To tell what they're about.

But best I should be tedious,
I'll tell you all adieu,
And trust we'll be protect'd,
Whatever they may do.

LULA.

CAMDEN, April 3d, 1866.

An Adventure with Canals.

An English missionary, who describes his life in New Zealand in the last number of *Hours at Home*, relates an incident that occurred to him on one of the South Pacific's isles. While on a cruise he touched at a small island for fresh food, fruit and vegetables. Of these he obtained a full supply, and was about leaving, when a chief asked him if he would like some fish food. Says the missionary: "Thinking that doubtless they had some hogs, I said yes. He gave a quick glance around him, as if he were looking for a messenger, and singled out and called to a fine young lad apparently about eighteen years of age. The boy came and stood before him; and before I knew what he was about to do, and having my back turned to him, looking at the fruit, etc., I heard the sound of a heavy blow, and looking quickly around, found the still quivering body of the boy laid at my feet, with the words 'bevi ano te kai?' (Is that food sufficient for you?) Horror-stricken, I denounced most bitterly the deed, and leaving all the provisions behind on the ground, returned sorrowfully on board.

What was the first woman created for Adam's express company.

The Dreary Life of Ladies at the Executive Mansion.

Look at the ladies at the White House. They are condemned to four years of imprisonment. During all that time they must not pay a visit or attend an evening entertainment. Miss Lane occasionally went out to a ball or party, but very seldom; Mrs. Lincoln never; and it has gradually come to be considered undignified for "the first ladies in the land" to mingle freely in the gayeties of the season.

Then, as for visiting at home, twice a week they must stand up and receive for many hours the herd who flock to see them mostly from the merest curiosity, while at times they are liable to the visits of importunate or impertinent people, who will intrude on their privacy. The very house they live in is not their own; it is a "furnished house" of the usual description, without comforts, dreary, dirty, and just now dilapidated. If perchance any member of the family appears at a window, there are eager eyes to watch every movement, and perhaps a scribbler to chronicle the operations of the toilet, as Mr. Willis did for Mr. Lincoln.

The grounds around the house itself are not more sacred. The ladies cannot take a step outside without being watched, and every feature noticed by people who expect to see something very extraordinary in the appearance of those temporarily "wearing the purple."

"If," one of the ladies said to me the other day, "I could only walk about a little with my children sometimes in the grounds without being stared at, and really enjoy the comfort of an old dress and a little privacy, it would be very pleasant!"

And if they go out to drive, or enter a shop, nods and muttered words indicate that they are the "observed of all observers."

Mrs. Patterson has two little ones, and Mrs. Stovall three bright-eyed, pretty children, who doubtless make their cheerless walls ring with their gay laugh and merry shouts.

The ladies of the Cabinet suffer in a less degree than those of the White House. They can visit and go out as much as they please—indeed, with them an enormous amount of visiting comes a positive affliction. Daily they are inundated with cards. Every week at their receptions strangers are presented, and all these people must be called upon. I met one of the Cabinet ladies the other day at Willard's Hotel:

"I am here," said she, "for the purpose of leaving sixty cards."

I was somewhat appalled at the number, and then went on to ask if I might enquire how large was her visiting list.

"There are fifteen hundred names in it."

I shrank in some horror from this specimen of the "duties of office."

So much is required of them, too—Not only must all these visits be returned, but an enormous amount of entertaining must be done. There must be two receptions a week—one day and one full dress evening affair. Then there must be innumerable dinners, suppers and small companies. Besides all this, they must all go at least once to each of the receptions and balls given by other members of the Cabinet and Senate. You may then form some idea of the onerous character of this "gayety." All day visiting—all evening going from one house to another. No wonder that they look jaded and worn.—*New York Times*.

A Droll Postmaster.

In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Postmaster General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know where abouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the postmaster of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, this Department wants to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, etc."

The reply was brief, and read thus: "Sir, the Tombigbee river doesn't run up at all; it runs down; Very respectfully, etc." The Postmaster General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir, your appointment as Postmaster at _____ is revoked. You will turn over the funds and papers pertaining to your office to your successor. Respectfully, etc."

The droll understrapped closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir, the revenues for this office for the quarter ending September 30, has been ninety-five cents; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, was one dollar and five cents. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully."

The Mississippi has at length cut a channel through Tarrapin Neck, in the vicinity of Vicksburg, by which the river is shortened some fifteen miles. This has been expected for years, and is gratifying to steamboat men, but disastrous to the plantations below Vicksburg.

Five thousand new houses have been erected in Memphis, Tennessee, during the last year.

Sensible Speech from Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher lectured at Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, and contended that, in regard to the treatment of the Southern States, it was better to assume fundamental principles, and get by moral influence what is desired, instead of attempting political coercion. In the course of his speech he said:

"Dilatory legislation was not wise, and yet he was free to say we never sent so many good men to Congress as constituted the present Congress. [Loud and protracted applause.] But there never was a time when so many good and wise men made so poor a bungle. You should not have applauded until I finish. [Applause.]

The kind and patient Mr. Lincoln was cudged and whacked by Congress, and he bore it with a patient spirit; reminding him of some horses who merely act when cudged, as though it was to brush flies off. When they commenced whacking Mr. Johnson, they found a pair of heels through the dash-board, and they left the wagon and took to trees and bushes, crying: 'Beast, brute!' but since then had cudged more carefully.

He took both sides, and was for Mr. Johnson and Congress also, deeming the question to be how to do, and not what to do. Reconstruction was going on in the South, where it must, after all, be made; yet it was wise to have proper laws to fall back upon.

Let Georgia and Alabama pass laws giving rights and privileges to colored men, and let South Carolina enact the slave code, and the consequence would be that all would leave the latter State to go to the former. The plantations must be worked by the colored men, and the people in South Carolina would quickly demand the repeal of the laws that drove them from their midst.

The North had but little to arrogate to herself as to the humanity towards the colored race, and were more prejudiced against them than the Southern people. He would not believe skulkers of the South, but if a man who had fought in the rebellion would tell him he had accepted the issue, he would take his word for it.

He respected the South more now than he formerly did, for there was so much brag and gasconade, he thought there could not be much fight about them. No Northern man need be ashamed of their fighting qualities. The speaker said the North seemed to stand back with frightened countenances at the idea of the South getting the sway of Government again. If the North, with its population comprising two-thirds of the whole country, its industry and ingenuity, let the shivering remnant take possession of the Government, they deserve to lose it. He wanted to extend his hand to all as great national freedmen, and extend the flag in whose folds shine stars—every one a star of Bethlehem—all over the country, because liberty and religion would be denoted wherever it should be unfolded.

Maximilian's European Home.

A writer in *Blackwood* thus describes Miramar, Maximilian's palace in the Adriatic:

On a grand bold bluff over the Adriatic stands one of the most picturesque chateaux I ever beheld, almost covering the plateau, save where a little space is stolen from between projecting arms of the building for a flower knot or a fountain. It displays all that can be accomplished by irregular outline and varied color. Tower and minaret and buttress, projecting window and deep shadowing cornice, with ornamented architrave and stained glass, have done their very best, and made one of the most delightful houses to live in, and one of the handsomest to look at, in Europe. Splendid gardens lie to the rear, backed by a noble forest stretching away to the foot of a mountain.

The Salt Lake *Vidette* says: "We have information from good authority that Brigham Young recently announced in a grand council his unalterable determination to stand or fall by polygamy. It was ordered that all Church officials should forthwith be instructed to promulgate this fact, and urge by every means the entrance in plurality at once of all persons who desired to hold good standing in the church. Immediate compliance was to be required, and those who failed or refused were to be informed that the church disowned them—all must become polygamists or be no longer recognized as among the faithful."

"Pap I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you suppose came up?"
Why, potatoes, of course." No siree! There came up a drove of hogs and ate them all."

Is Napoleon bound to stay in Mexico?

In our negotiations with the French Emperor, to get him out of Mexico, we seem to have forgotten, and he has not reminded us of, one circumstance, which is, that in April, 1864, he formerly engaged himself to retain French troops in that country for a period of six years after the happening of certain events which have not yet come to pass. Articles 2 and 3 of the Convention of Miramar run in this wise:

Art. 2—The French troops shall evacuate Mexico in proportion as the Emperor of Mexico shall be able to organize the troops necessary to replace them.

Art. 3—The Foreign Legion in the service of France, composed of eight thousand men, shall, nevertheless, remain in Mexico six years after all the other French troops shall have been recalled.

Article 5 further provides that all points where the forces are not exclusively Mexican, "the military command shall devolve on the French commander," and in expeditions the supreme control shall also be with the French.

Now we have been, it seems to us, politely requesting Napoleon to do what he had cunningly bound himself to another man, previously, not to do. Napoleon has put us off with fine words, with phrases which to some people looked like promises; we impudently him, and he replies, "I'll see about it." "I'll tell you by and by." "I'm busy just now." "Ask me again to-morrow." "Perhaps I will when you ask me next." He has answered our appeals as a nurse does a tiresome child; he probably thought to himself: "The United States Government ought to know that I bound myself to Maximilian not to do what they are requesting of me; if Mr. Seward does not know this it is not my business to tell him; if, as is more probable, he does know it, and does not refer to it, then that is a sign that he is not in earnest in the Mexican matter, but rather inclined to avoid the direct issue, and amuse the American people by elaborate dispatches meaning nothing. In that case I can help him."

This is what the French Emperor probably says to himself; and on this theory he has acted and spoken. He is trifling with us; but it must be said that he has been encouraged to do so by our manner and words to him.

Rupture between Jefferson and John Randolph.

Randolph, being asked to play chess on one occasion, refused it, and gave the following reason: "I have not played at chess for the last seventeen years; the very sight of the board and men gives rise to painful reminiscences, for the last game I played lost me a personal friend forever. I was on the most intimate terms with Mr. Jefferson, as you may have heard, it being now a matter of history, and as I soon found out that, politician and philosopher as he was, took more pride in his skill at chess than in anything else. Very few could beat him, and at last he could not endure defeat. Knowing this, and feeling I was his match, I had always declined playing, as I did not want to quarrel with him, until one unfortunate evening, when he touched my Virginia pride in so pointed a way that I could no longer refuse with honor, and we sat down to the game. It was a warm contest—Greek met Greek. I at length cried checkmate, and he never forgave me afterwards."

LAST FOND LOOKS.—When a lady (we are talking of a lady in full height and breadth of fashion) has got her bonnet and gloves on, and is perfectly ready with her parasol in hand, she always goes back to the looking glass to take a last fond look. Upon asking "a dear handsome duchess" if this were not the truth, and the beautiful truth, she had the charming candor to state:

"Yes, my dear Punch, it is the truth. No woman, take my word for it, is satisfied with one look. At least I know that I am not, for (and here our duchess laughed as though she was pleased with herself and all the world) I don't mind telling you, I invariably take four, four good ones. The first look in the glass is for myself, that's fair; the second look is for my husband, that's nothing but just; the third is for my friends, that's generous; and the last is for my rivals, that's human nature. If the last look satisfies me, then I know it is all right, and I assure you I never take any more!"

BYRON'S GRANDDAUGHTER.—One of the most notable of the arrivals in the House of Lords on the opening day was the lady who came into the House escorted by the Earl of Lovelace, and who was recognized as the Lady Anne Isabella Noel King Noel, the granddaughter of Lord Byron. As she took her seat among the peeresses' daughters there were a few who did not regard with peculiar interest the somewhat pale face, light brown hair, and bright, intelligent look of the daughter of "Ada."

The Nimble Shilling.

When the "Rangers" were on duty through west Illinois, whiskey was a deplorably scarce article, and the money to purchase it, when found, was equally hard to obtain. Among the old Rangers the "corn-juice" was considered as necessary to subsistence as "corn-dodgers"; but having received no pay for a long period, the small stock of funds had entirely run out. In the meantime an old dealer had succeeded in raising two barrels of the comfortable liquid, and erected a small shanty near the camp, where his shingle, in chalked capitals, declared that "Whiskey is arriv at six sence a suc."

Major Murdock, one of the old veterans, had for two days, in a woefully parched state, been searching his "kivern" for a stray bit that he knew was somewhere about him, but his efforts to chase it up appeared unavailing—there were so many patches on his hunting shirt, that it was impossible to find the one which he had made a pocket to contain the precious coin, and at last he had given it up. He tried to get trust for two drinks until he could find it, but the owner of the shanty knew better than to trust any one of that crowd.

"Try again, Major," said a dry covey, who knew the circumstance; "try again; never give up in a good cause—a shilling in silver now is worth gold another time."

The Major did try again, and at last down in the seam of the tail, the Major discovered the little joker, and perhaps he hailed the discovery with a yell of satisfaction.

"Now, Bill," said he, "we'll give that old feller's barrel a rip for two invigorators, and no dispute."

They accordingly adjourned to the shanty, and called for the "medicine." The owner looked at the Major doubtfully, but when he displayed the bit, hesitation vanished—he instantly drew the "sticks," handed them over, and took the change. The first taste brightened the Major as keen as an Indian. He observed while drinking that the dealer placed the money on a little shelf behind him, and just above his head; it was within reaching distance, too, from his stand beside the temporary counter. Upon this discovery he at once acted.

"Well, really," said he, "that stuff is suthin' like; that's a body to it that tickles a feller's vitality at the extreme pints. Bill," added he, "I could fight Inguns at half wages, if they'd only fed me from such a cow's milk as is in that barrel. I do think we'll another."

Bill signified assent, but looked at the Major with some surprise and inquiry in his countenance, as to where he would find another bit; but the old Ranger soon opened his eyes wider.

The dealer had no sooner stooped to draw from the barrel, than the Major picked the shilling off the shelf and paid it over again for the drinks.

"I knowed you had money, Major," said the dealer, "if you could only consent to shell it out; but you're getting consarned close-fisted in your old days. The Major laughed at the remark, as he replied, "Well, you're a cunnin' sarpent, Jo, and bound to make suthin' out of us fellers. I declare that licker is so tremendous that it's sot me carvin in my innards!"

"Don't give it up yet, Major," chimed in the dealer, that's more what that come from, and of the same brown. I know you have been sufferin fur these few days past cause you didn't like to 'open,' and I hated precious bad to refuse you; but whiskey costs a powerful sight afore it gits here."

"Well, well, I'll just take another atom of a drink, and then lumber," says the willing Ranger. The shilling was picked off the shelf and went through the same process again, with equal satisfaction. After swallowing another round, the Ranger smacked his lips and made a move towards the door and turned back again.

"I thought you'd think better of it, Major," said the dealer; "seech stuff as this don't stay long in these diggins.—You'll go another I guess."

"Well, just one more," says the Major, "I declare I think it war some seech licker that tempted Adam, instead of an apple, as the scriptur sez. It is all sufficiently enticin' to tempt a coon out of a holler log, if the dogs were arter him."

In reaching for the shilling this time the Major was so eager, and a little excited withal, that he dropped it down right before the owner of the shanty.

"Hello!" says he; "that thar shell must be gettin crowded when they are droppin' off—or is this yours, Major?"

"It's yours now," answered the Ranger, for these last drinks; and Jo, your is wishin' you may git bit so often."

"Thanky, Major; thanky," said Jo; "I'll drink that myself"—and he did.

The Major and Bill retired with the honors, and as they were passing through the door, Jo was facing on the shelf for his shillings, but the hunting-shirt coin was all that the search produced.

"Bit," by thunder!" exclaimed he, and coming to the door, he alook his

first after the old Ranger, exclaiming: "I might hev know'd a pizen old Ingen, kille er like you had no money—you shau't have another suck out of this barrel, if your old melt and gizzard was freezin inside on you." But the Major had had his drinks.

Gen. Wade Hampton.

Wade Hampton accuses Gen. Sherman of falsehood, and charges upon him the responsibility of burning the city of Columbia, S. C. Wade need not expect by his slander to cover up his own infamy.

We find the above extract in the *Nashville Union*, (not the *Union and American*.) The course of the *Union* has heretofore been characterized by decency, courtesy and justice, and we are at a loss for the appearance in its columns of the above extract, which is so entirely inconsistent with its former character. There never was a more causeless, wicked and unjustifiable assault upon any man than the above upon Gen. Wade Hampton. The soldier's honor is all he saved in the late struggle, and we are pained to see an effort made to rob one of our noblest men of this priceless boon.

The reputation of Wade Hampton is spotless. He was one of the strong men on whom the South leaned in the late struggle. His genius—his patriotism—his gallantry and soldierly conduct—made him one of the cherished idols of the South. His private character is pure and blameless. Slander has never tainted it—scandal has never dared to defame it; and after many years of public association and of exposure of the temptations and trials that assail his high position, he passed through all with a reputation unsullied and uncorrupted. The malignity of the most violent party excitements has never assailed his name. Gen. Hampton embarked his all in the war. He entered the struggle rich—he came out standing upon the fragments, caring to save nothing but his honor. With this preserved, he is still rich; without it he is poor as the editor who wantonly assails a noble soldier, or traduces a model gentleman.—*Memphis Avalanche*.

The Late President Lincoln.

George Lunt, of Massachusetts, has written a book concerning the origin of the late civil war, in which he gives the following opinion of Mr. Lincoln:

"The new President was a person of scarcely more than ordinary natural powers, with a mind neither cultivated by education, nor enlarged by experience in public affairs. He was thus incapable of any wide range of thought, or in fact, of obtaining any broad grasp of general ideas. His thoughts ran in narrow channels, he was infirm of purpose so far as to be liable to be led by sharper minds and more resolute wills; though like persons of that character, not unfrequently insisting upon minor points of consideration, whether right or wrong."

He was of that class of men who, under color of good intentions, often fail of bringing any good purpose to pass. His character appears to have been defiled by no vices; but much more than this was requisite in his position, Mr. Lincoln had a certain shrewdness, but was inoffensive in disposition, and in inferior stations could scarcely have failed to gain good will. His dreadful assassination threw around him the halo of martyrdom. There could scarcely have been a Chief Magistrate in whose case a fate so tragic and terrible could seem more incongruous with all his personal characteristics."

"There have been those since Mr. Lincoln's death, who have seen fit to compare him with the first great President; but there could scarcely exist a personal contrast between his somewhat loosely constituted indecisive character, and the firm texture which distinguished the calm and moderate, yet high-toned and sagacious mind of Washington."

Civil Jurisdiction over the Freedmen in Virginia.

An order has been issued by General Terry, in command in Virginia, recognizing the validity of the laws recently passed by the State Legislature in regard to criminal cases and proceedings in law and equity, in which negroes are parties. The order forbids any further trial of cases by agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, except such as may have been already commenced. He directs, however, the Assistant Superintendents to attend the trials in courts where negroes are concerned, and without interfering to watch the progress of each case and report any wrong that may have been done the negro by the decision of the Court.

It is estimated that there are \$55,000,000 in gold in the vaults of the Treasury.